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A Christmas Folk Song

Lizette Woodworth Reese

in

The New Outlook.

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make thy bed."

Up rose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed?

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold
For that they housed Him from the cold.



The Valley Echo

*A monthly magazine to disseminate information about Tuberculosis and other Health subjects
and to portray the lighter side of Sanatorium life.*

On "Catching Cold"

KEEP YOUR FINGERS OUT OF YOUR MOUTH AND
EYES AND SHUN THE MAN WHO SNEEZES.

By D. A. Stewart, M.D.

*(Reprinted by kind permission of Maclean's Magazine and the author, Dr. A. D. Stewart, who
is the Medical Superintendent of Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette.)*

When Dr. Samuel Johnson visited the Hebrides a century and a half ago, he was told that the people of St. Kilda "caught a cold" every time a ship came into the harbor. "Preposterous!" said the very positive Dr. Samuel. "Ridiculous! A mere fable!" Fifty years later somebody studied the matter and found that a ship could enter the harbor of St. Kilda only with an east wind. The east wind brought the colds.

Now, in 1932, we know still better. We know that the ship's arrival did it. We know that colds actually are caught by one person from another, and that if there is no germ there will be no cold. We know also that when we get accustomed to any particular germ it gradually loses its virulence. But a ship coming into harbor only once a year, with a careless, coughing and sneezing crew, bringing the latest news and song hits and the latest germs also, from the outer world, could scarcely help starting a cold raging among the otherwise isolated people of this remote community.

Down through the centuries people have coughed and sneezed, blown their noses, quit work and gone to bed with bleary eyes and aching limbs, all on account of colds, and naturally they have had much discussion and many examinations of these common afflictions. It may be interesting and useful to know what twentieth-century authorities have to say about them.

If you were to class diseases as major or greater diseases, and minor or lesser ones, of course you would name as major diseases smallpox, leprosy and cholera, and I have little doubt would class a cold as a mere minor and temporary ailment. Yet in life loss, health loss, time loss, energy loss and money loss throughout the civilized world, colds cost a hundred, perhaps even a thousand, times more than leprosy, smallpox and cholera combined. Consider the days wholly lost from work through colds, including days lost by children from school. Consider days partly lost at office or shop or school by reason of colds, days just barely dragged through with little accomplished. This loss of time averages at the very least three days a year, or one per cent of our total work time. For ten

millions of people, as the new census shows us to be, that is a loss each year of 82,000 work years, or a loss of the work of 82,000 people for one year. One year with another, it would take a city of 82,000 people, working from January to December, to make up for what Canada loses through colds alone. That is one of the luxury taxes we pay—for what? For privilege of having moist noses and heavy eyes, and of being sore from top to toe unnecessarily.

To lose money is bad, to lose time is worse, but to lose health is worst of all, and colds can rob us of all three. A cold is bad enough in itself, but still worse when it opens the door, as it can and does, for all sorts of other ills. Cold after cold may become chronic, may permanently infect various sinuses of the facial bones, may set up chronic bronchitis, and, worse, may open the door for pneumonia, destroy hearing, or even lead to tuberculosis. Indeed this minor disease, almost as often as any other single disease perhaps, leads to a lifetime of invalidism.

There is scarcely a disease of the whole respiratory tract that has not relations and interrelations with colds. The colds of twenty years ago may have much to do with health defects and disease tendencies today. Even X-ray plates show around lung roots many tracks back and forth of the infections of past years. Nothing ever gets quite well. Every cold leaves its mark.

They not only maim but kill. We can easily see a swath such as influenza, a very uncommon cold, cut in 1918, killing in two months in one city alone as many as died of tuberculosis in the next eight years. Commoner colds and smaller epidemics cut smaller swaths, but they also swing the grim sickle. Since the Angel of Death has pretty much had to hang up his old scythes of smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, leprosy, diphtheria and typhoid, he has come to depend more on this trusty blade, the "common cold."

When our forefathers arrived, after ages of evolution, at the dawn of the man stage, undoubtedly a considerable assortment of disease germs had come along with them from the very beginning of things or were lined up waiting for them. The common cold likely was



common enough in damp and draughty cave dwellings, but undoubtedly increased its kick when men began to live in closed houses without knowing how.

Epidemics of the Past

We can trace the history of the more uncommon cold, influenza, epidemic by epidemic, for centuries. It is, of course, like poverty, always with us, but there are special tidal waves of infection at intervals so impressive that they get themselves written in books of history. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries epidemics closed the law courts in Paris. In 1427 it was recorded that there were no sermons because they could not have been heard above the coughing. Three waves of this disease in the sixteenth century are written about by no less a person than Erasmus, the scholar. The anatomist, Willis, described the visitation of 1658, and Sydenham, the father of English medicine, that of 1675. Arbuthnot has a book largely about the epidemic of 1737. In 1782 the British fleet, cruising off the coast of France, had to turn tail and make for home ports, not because of French guns but because of influenza infection. In 1848 eight thousand deaths from influenza were recorded in England alone.

The next great wave after that, which people of fifty remember, began with unusually severe infections in May, 1889, in such remote places as Siberia and Greenland. From Siberia it spread to Europe, reached St. Petersburg by October, all parts of continental Europe by December, and the New World only a little later.

This epidemic seemed bad enough at the time, but it faded almost into insignificance beside that of 1918 and the following year or two. In three successive waves, broken by the line of trenches across the face of Europe and the disarrangement in travel made by war, it swept across the whole world. Unlike the epidemic of 1890, it struck hardest not the old but the young and robust. The middle-aged and older people resisted it well, likely because many of them carried over some resistance from the epidemic of nearly thirty years before. Since 1918 there has scarcely been a year without a return of similar infections, but each apparently a little weaker than what went before. It is likely that the infection of 1930-31 also will go down as rather worse than usual.

Infection Is By Germs

What is a cold? "Cold" is not a good term, because it gives a wrong idea. No doctor should use so inaccurate a word, but what is he to do when it is a part of the very language of the country? It is a misleading term because it throws the blame for the whole trouble, by implication at any rate, upon the temperature, or changes of weather or damp or cold. They may have something to do with colds, but the essential cause is infection by germs. It is true that a chilling

will lower resistance and give disease germs of any sort an unfair advantage, so of course chills should be carefully avoided.

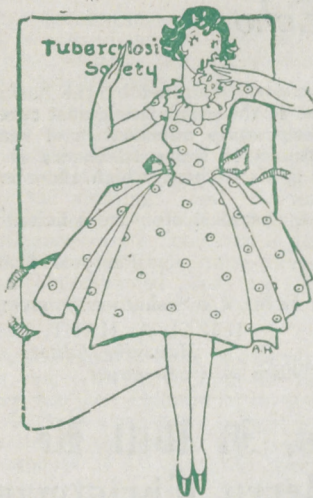
The proper name for a cold in the head—and you may use it with as many bad adjectives as you like—is Coryza, from the Greek word *korus*, the head. Or it might be called at some stages Catarrh, from the Greek verb *katarrhein*, to flow. Or a cold in the head is often chiefly a Rhinitis; that is, an inflammation of the nose. The bad epidemics of uncommon colds began to be called influenzas in the sixteenth century. Astrology still held sway, and so mysterious were these visitations that the Italian people concluded they must be due to the *influenza*, that is, the influence, of the stars. Frenchmen knew the influential pains in bones and joints familiar to many of us, and as far back as 1734 called the disease after the carpenter's vise, *La Grippe*, a name that has stuck.

So much for names. A cold by any other name would be quite as nasty. What is the thing itself? A cold is usually an inflammation of the upper or lower air passages, set up by infections. The hollows and sinuses of the facial bones offer considerable surface for an infection to run through. There is first irritation and then inflammation. Inflammation produces watery secretions, just as a burn causes a water blister. Then the secretions become purulent; pus forms. Breathing through the inflamed, swollen and clogged channels becomes difficult. Taste and smell are impaired or lost. The poisons of the disease circulate throughout the whole body. The resonating chambers are clogged. Temperature rises, with a consequent feeling of chilliness. Bones and joints ache. Appetite is poor. The main inflammation may begin in the head and travel to the chest, or may begin in the chest and travel to the head. That is, it may "go down" or "go up;" or it may begin in the throat and go either way, or both ways. Colds run a fairly fixed course and are about as hard to stop halfway as grandfather in the middle of his favorite story.

Real influenza has more severe symptoms—higher temperatures, rapid pulse, severe headache and backache, dizziness, prostration. There are several types. It may manifest itself chiefly in lungs, or in the intestines, or in the nervous system, or in all of them. Among these, many troublesome complications are possible.

Popular misconception to the contrary, germs are at the bottom of almost every cold that was ever suffered. Every true cold really is caught. There are whole bandits' nests of germs, and all have barbarous names. One particular outrage, one epidemic, may be chiefly the work of one group, and another outrage, another epidemic, chiefly the work of another group. The exact symptoms vary with the groups guilty in each case.





"Nobody loves the man with a sneeze—'les he covers it up," says Dainty Louise.

Colds are germ-carried diseases just as definitely as diphtheria or typhoid fever. Explorers and outdoor workers such as surveyors and prospectors lose their germs when out in the open spaces, and lose also their resistance to them, so that their first week in civilization is usually spent under the blankets.

How do we take colds and how do we give them? Most infectious diseases are given out by nose and mouth, and taken in by the same routes. We cough out, spit out, and sneeze out the infections of colds; and we breathe them in when somebody else has coughed or spat or sneezed or blown them out.

What can you do about them? You can cover up each cough and sneeze. If you don't you spread disease. You can keep handkerchiefs clean; still better—very much better and cleaner—when you have a cold, use gauze cloths and burn them. Keep fingers clean and hands clean. If anyone coughs into his hand and then offers you his hand to shake, run away. Consider how much handshaking is done, the kind of hands you sometimes shake, and the kind of habits some people have as between noses and hands and mouths and fingers.

Keep fingers out of mouths. They don't belong there except when newly washed and scrubbed and sterilized for that very purpose. Teach children to keep their fingers out of their mouths and you will reduce their infections by half. The common drinking cup is an abomination of the dark ages that has happily pretty well gone. Pencils and all unwashable articles should never be put into one mouth; certainly not into several in succession. You would not consider bread and butter or sliced fruit or ham fit to be taken into your mouth after it

had been handled by many fingers and shoved across the very doubtful surfaces of a counter or two; and yet even if tolerably well brought up, you may think nothing of licking postage stamps handled in these very ways and always, you will observe, shoved across the counter sticky side down.

The mouth really has two purposes, eating and talking. One other occasional purpose, especially among young people, it is true, is sometimes mentioned. But mouths are not intended to do all the things that can be done by man or machinery. Keep thy mouth with all diligence, for out of it, and into it, are the issues of health, of disease, of life. Since the nose is an inlet and outlet of infection, treat it accordingly. It has been said that, to be safe, nothing smaller than your elbow should be put in your ear. Even the eye is an inlet and outlet for infection. No matter how sleepy you are, do not rub dirty fingers into your eyes. In both physical and moral applications, the wise man of old spoke truly when he said: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

The Prevention of Colds

Germs are the barbed arrows of disease attacking us. Ours would be a sorry condition if we had no armor to protect us. Our best armor, our best protection and resistance, is general good health. But if this armor is put off, if our resistance is lowered, germ attacks may not unlikely be too much for us. Chill lowers the resistance for the time being and gives the disease its chance. That is why we associate colds with chills. Infection plus lowered resistance does the business. The germs are always around handy, and probably we all carry quite a number every day of the year. When we happen to get chilled the stage is set and the date announced for trouble.

It is the part of wisdom never to be caught with your armor off or your resistance lowered. Resistance is lowered by rooms overheated and overdry. The thirsty air sucks up moisture everywhere, debilitates the mucous lining of the whole nasal and post-nasal tract. Resistance is lowered also by very damp air, by contaminated air, by irritating gases, by the pollen of plants, by dust, even ordinary housecleaning dust. It is lowered by unwise dressing. Resistance is lowered very definitely by overeating and indigestion. Don't "feed a cold." It is lowered by alcohol or tobacco in excess. It is lowered most of all perhaps by fatigue by overexpenditure of energy and lack of sleep or rest. Resistance to colds is lowered, and a lodging place given to the enemy, by bad teeth, dirty mouths, badly-cared-for noses. Resistance to colds is lowered almost specifically when the poisons of the body are not promptly eliminated by bowel, kidney or skin.

How can colds be prevented? The surest plan would be to scatter us each to a lone Robinson Crusoe island, making sure that

(Continued on page 13).



The Valley Echo

Published monthly by patients and staff of the Sanatoria operated by the Saskatchewan Anti-Tuberculosis League, being their voluntary contribution to the campaign against tuberculosis.

It is the privilege of a sanatorium magazine to help equip missionaries of health with practical information. The other of its two highest duties is to strive to inspire an attitude among the patients which will preserve that harmonious spirit without which there is no contentment in a sanatorium.

Instructive or amusing articles, poems, photographs, cartoons, etc., are solicited and will be used as space and occasion permits.

Single copy 10c.

Advertising rates upon application.

Correspondence should be directed to THE VALLEY ECHO, c/o Saskatoon Sanatorium.

Per year \$1.00.

HAZEL A. HART, B.A.,

Managing Editor.

Printed at Regina and registered at Post Office as a newspaper.

Yes, It Will Be A Merry Christmas



It is curious, the mixture of foreboding and pleasant anticipation with which less-than-a-year-in-the-San patients look forward to Christmas. Those who have never been away from home for a single Christmas Day think that, of course, it will be just impossible! How COULD they be happy? they think, and smile tolerantly when you try to reassure them that they will undoubtedly enjoy the day even at the San. You tell them what a good time you had on Christmas when you were a patient, and they look commiseratingly at you, wondering what sort of a home you could have come from if you could truly say you had never enjoyed a happier Christmas than the one you spent in the San.

However, they have become resigned to many things in the past few weeks or months, and so they don't tell you what a poor benighted soul they think you must be, nor (a thing that makes you just a little more insipid when you get on this subject of Christmas) what a rather insufferable Pollyanna you are. Funny thing, but no new patient seems to want to even IMAGINE that it would be possible to have as merry a Christmas in the Sanatorium as at home.

Even those who have spent many of those happy holidays away from home wonder how on earth these old-timers can be simple-minded enough to think that one could really have as pleasant a Christmas in the San as out—they finally concluded that the memories of these poor old-timers have become affected by their long seclusion from the joys of the outside world and they have forgotten just what a good time people can have.

But the old-timers, and those who have spent a previous Yule-tide at the San, lie quietly in their beds and make no argument about it. They know it is a thing that must be experienced to be understood, this Sanatorium Christmas. They know how sceptical they were on their first Christmas. And they know what a pleasant surprise is in store for the new patients.

Early in the week there will be Christmas music from some band, or other group of artists, and the patients will feel the peculiar Christmas thrill creeping into their systems. And it won't be spoiled by any of the terrors of last minute shopping and rushing around on last minute errands with that all-tucked-out feeling pervading and spoiling the whole thing.

Then there will be the arrival of the first Christmas card! No one but a shut-in gets the full benefit of that event—he lies there quietly in his bed, rather god-like in his apartness from the world, and has time to get all the vibrations of that small ten-cent Christmas card, to enjoy every last morsel of the memories and thoughts it conjures up of previous Christmases with that friend, and the lovely thought that that friend has remembered him—perhaps there will be the added thrill of the card from someone whom he never dreamed would even think of him at this busy season.



REMEMBER THIS: THEY THAT WILL NOT BE COUNSELLED CANNOT BE HELPED.

And then the first parcel! Oh dear, oh dear! Should it be opened now or kept for Christmas morning?—that is the biggest decision he has had to make for many a day.

And then Christmas Eve arrives and the new patient finds it rather hard to remember that he really should be very depressed. Look at that pile of Christmas gifts waiting to be opened in the morning! Gosh! He just can't wait to peek at that one the Best Girl sent, so he surreptitiously tears a little hole in the paper at one corner, and then quite brazenly he throws all old-fashioned ideas to the winds and he opens the parcel, and By Gum! Lookit Henry!

And the same sort of thing has been going on in Julia's room, and all along the line, and really they are just children again and want to settle down to sleep early tonight so morning will come all the sooner, and gosh! What do you suppose is in that big parcel from home!

At last it is The Morning, and the parcels are opened, and Merry Christmases are said, and everybody tells everybody else all about the darling new pyjamas and the swell new razor with one of those dinkaramuses that sharpens it automatically as one shaves. And dash it all! If it isn't afternoon Rest Hour before they remember that they had fully made up their minds to be lonesome all day because there just couldn't be any joy in a Sanatorium Christmas anyway! And down in the hearts of most of them is a small voice giving thanks that there IS an afternoon Rest Hour and they can have a lull from this excitement—and wouldn't it be embarrassing and maddening to be at home and have to leave the party for a couple of hours while one got a little rest from all the excitement! But here there is no danger of missing any of the fun if one has a rest, for everybody else is having one too.

Oh this isn't all! But we've told you enough to reassure every one who can be reassured (and there aren't any of these among the new patients) that Christmas is going to be a big day, as usual, for every one at the Sanatoria—from the youngest kiddy in the "Children's" to the oldest or the most determined-to-be-unjoyful patient in the whole San.

The Pollyanna this time* is your editor who thinks she knows what she is talking about and expresses to you her greetings for the season in a bit of doggerel picked up from a last year's Christmas card—very "doggy," but very sincere, and every word is loaded:

"The happiest Christmas you ever knew,"
(really, it's possible)

"The brightest year that has come to you,"
(and that's highly probable)

"The greatest number of dreams come true."
(entirely feasible)

If you know of anything more I can wish you, just attach it to this order, and if my

wishes mean a thing in this world then all of these things will be added unto all of our readers.

Sincerely yours,

Hazel A. Hart.

THANK YOU "NEW OUTLOOK." We are extremely grateful to "The New Outlook," which is the official organ of the United Church of Canada, and published in Toronto, for the pretty Christmas decorations used on the opposite page and others throughout this number. They kindly loaned us the cuts on pages 4, 8, 14 and 15, thus adding materially to the attractiveness of our Christmas issue.

THE COVER picture was taken on the grounds of the Prince Albert Sanatorium. To many people it will be a revelation of Saskatchewan's scenic possibilities. We are too prone to think of our province, and allow others to think, in terms of flat or rolling prairies. Could anything be more beautiful than the vista through the trees? The prize for this picture goes to James Connell, radio-grapher at Prince Albert San.

SPECIAL MARKET REPORT

(From our own Misrepresentative.)

London, Friday.

Rails were hard yesterday, but rubbers yielded somewhat. Tobaccos were strong and yeasts rose well.

Breweries were tight, and spirit levels were steady. Sherbets were very brisk for a time, but soon fell flat. Motors went well, though there were reverses here and there.

There was an upward movement in lifts, but they came down again. Gramophones were quiet, and there was nothing revolutionary about records. Eggs opened doubtfully, but many were strong by the afternoon.

Spoons created some stir about 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Umbrellas went up, but rain fell steadily. Coughs were easier in the afternoon.

—"Pearsons"

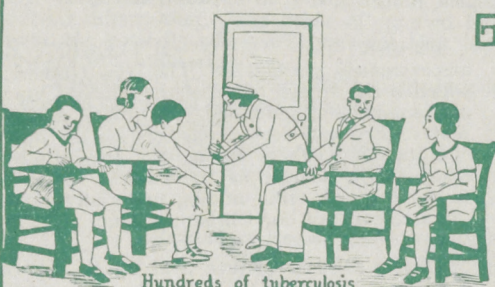
A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, I write to you,
Requesting just a tiny few
Of Christmas gifts to help me play,
Enjoy myself well every day;
A dolly I would love the best,
Some nice doll clothes to keep her dressed.
And dishes for my dolly's meals,
You know how dolly's mother feels
When she has only big folks' ware
To feed her child the proper fare!
So Santa, please remember me,
I'm just a little girl, you see;
I'll be so good and try to do
Something for other children too.

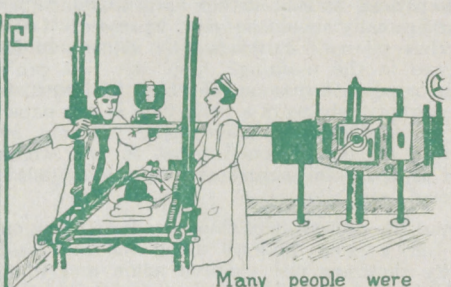
—Selected.



Christmas Seal Work in Saskatchewan



Hundreds of tuberculosis "contacts" were examined by family physicians.



Many people were examined at the three Sanatoria.



Many school children were examined.

Babies born of T.B. mothers were cared for in the Preventorium.

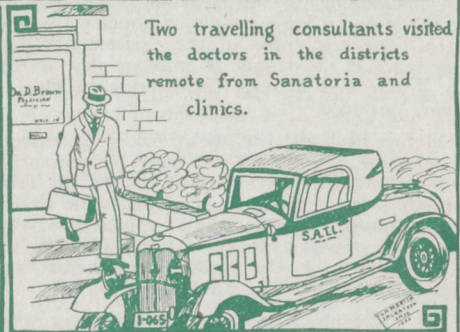


The I.O.D.E. assisted in this work.



All Normal School Students were examined.

Clinics were held daily at the Sanatoria, twice a week at Moose Jaw and Regina, once a month at Swift Current and North Battleford.



Two travelling consultants visited the doctors in the districts remote from Sanatoria and clinics.

• Buy and Use Xmas Seals •

The Way of Life.

Give now while you may,
The years are passing on,
Unto the close of life's brief day,
And the last light is gone.

Give while you may,
Years linger not or wait,
When dies the light of life's brief day,
It is too late, too late.—E. C. Molony.



The Question Box

Questions of general interest relating to tuberculosis will be answered in this column from time to time. As a matter of good faith enquirers should sign their names but these will not be printed.

Q.: What measures should be taken to render the clothes of a tuberculous patient safe for others to use?

A.: As far as I know there has been no experimental investigation of the effect of ordinary dry cleaning on the infectiousness of such clothes. However, we do know that simpler measures are effective enough. Clothing and other articles which can be boiled should be so treated for ten or fifteen minutes. Suits, sweaters, comforters, blankets, mattresses, overcoats, etc., which cannot be boiled should be thoroughly brushed, then placed out doors in the fresh air and sunshine for two or three days, if necessary turning several times.

Q.: How does the average person get the T.B. germ?

A.: In most cases through actual contact with someone already ill with tuberculosis. The number of instances where infection is incurred through the medium of infectious dust or dried discharges is probably small.

Q.: Why do not all people who have T.B. germs in their bodies develop the disease.

A.: There is always a tendency for people to develop greater or less resistance to the T.B. germs they harbor in their bodies. The amount of infection, the rate at which it is acquired, and factors such as living conditions, intercurrent diseases, worry and over-exertion, determining whether or not an individual's resistance is sufficient. If it is not, then that individual develops the disease, tuberculosis.

Q.: What is a good disinfectant to use when sputum is spilt on floor, and also for washing my dishes and clothes?

A.: Cresolis (3 per cent) is a good disinfectant. The editor does not think, however, that the dishes or the clothes need to be treated with any disinfectant if the dishes are boiled for 5 minutes and the food particles thoroughly removed, and if the clothes are washed in hot water, as they usually are, and hung in the open air.

Q.: Does the chest of a person who has been an arrested case for three or four years

sound through the stethoscope like that of a normal healthy person who has never had tuberculosis, or do the healed areas have a peculiar sound of their own?

A.: This usually depends upon the extent of the tuberculous involvement. Early stage cases frequently heal so entirely that no abnormal sounds can be heard, and at times no abnormal densities in the X-ray can be seen. The lesions in patients who have more extensive trouble usually heal by forming scar tissue or fibrosis; over such areas there are usually characteristic breath sounds which are different from sounds heard over normal lungs.

Q.: What is considered a temperature in tuberculosis?

A.: The normal temperature varies from 97.2° or more in the morning to a maximum of 99° F. during the day, except perhaps ten days or so previous to the menstrual period, when it may rise to 99.6° F., or perhaps even more. Anything above the normal range should be regarded as abnormal.

Q.: When I have gained weight since leaving the San and have neither cough nor temperature, is it necessary for me to have my dishes washed apart and sterilized daily?

A.: If you have any expectoration your dishes should be kept separate, or all the dishes should be sterilized. If your sputum has been positive for tubercle bacilli within the past year it would be wise for you to keep your dishes separate or have all the dishes sterilized even though you do not have any cough or expectoration at present.

Q.: Does dried up fluid form adhesions which keep the lung from re-expanding?

A.: When fluid finally disappears from the pleural cavity by means of absorption, parts of the lung become adherent to the chest wall. Adhesions, however, do not prevent the lung from re-expanding for, as a matter of fact, it is only when the lung re-expands, after the fluid has become absorbed, that it becomes adherent to the chest wall.



Equally Alarming

The road to health is paved with good prevention.

Hazel A. Hart.

Let us consider three things that occasionally upset the even tenor of our ways; two things that *do* alarm us, and one that *should*. Then let us ask ourselves why our reactions are what they are and why all three things do not alarm us equally.

Suppose a case of scarlet fever or smallpox breaks out in our community. Everyone is immediately concerned, to a greater or less degree, and involuntarily slight adjustments are made in our daily lives. If we are *very* careful we do not go to the theatre, nor church, nor places where people are crowded together for we know that infection is more likely under those conditions. We shed a bit of our usual indifference to our health, and pay more attention if we show symptoms of a cold or general malaise—and if we have children we throw an extra special guard around them and start nervously at their most innocent sneezes or show of temper. We are alarmed and our daily lives are thrown a bit out of kilter.

However, if a case of one of these infectious diseases breaks out in the community the means of curbing the epidemic are well known and are immediately applied—isolation of every case. Public Opinion demands it.

Wise people have themselves and their children vaccinated for smallpox and inoculated for scarlet fever. All these precautions are rightly taken and have met with such excellent results in Saskatchewan that in the years 1924 to 1930, inclusive, (the latest vital statistics available) there have been only 25 deaths from smallpox, an average of 3.57 a year, and 186 deaths from scarlet fever, an average of 26.57 per year.

These figures mean that excellent preventive work has been done in these diseases and the efficiency of the work is largely due to the co-operation of the public who back up the medical health officer in demanding quarantine of the case and a check up on those who have been in contact with the disease.

Little can be done in any public enterprise without the co-operation of that same public.

Let us now consider tuberculosis, another contagious disease which is quite as preventable as smallpox and scarlet fever. Yet our vital statistics tell us that in Saskatchewan in the years 1924 to 1930, inclusive, 2,235 people died of tuberculosis. This is 105 times as many deaths as from smallpox in the same period, and 14 times as many as from scarlet fever. Shocking! Incredible, when the means of preventing all three diseases are equally well known! Then why are we not so alarmed for ourselves and our families when our neighbor develops tuberculosis as when he is taken ill with scarlet fever or smallpox?

There is surely some reason why there are 105 times as many deaths from tuberculosis

as smallpox. Could it be that the public is 105 times more concerned in the *preventing* of smallpox than it is in the preventing of tuberculosis? We think it is, and, as was said before, little can be done in preventing any communicable disease without the co-operation of the public.

Granting this disproportionate interest, how can it be explained? Probably the largest part of the explanation is: anyone can see his immediate relation to his neighbor's case of smallpox or scarlet fever, but not to his case of tuberculosis. That is, if we or our children become infected with our neighbor's smallpox or scarlet fever we develop the disease in a few days, become very sick, possibly die, or, at the very best, almost certainly are disfigured or left with some serious weakness.

But if those same children have become infected with our neighbor's tuberculosis they may not develop the disease for years to come, by which time everybody will have forgotten the source, and the new crop of disease will never be connected up with its origin, which was the disease of that neighbor who died many years before.

Nevertheless, the new case of tuberculosis, whether it appears six months or six years after contact, comes as surely from another case of tuberculosis as the new case of smallpox comes from contact with another case of smallpox one or two weeks before.

Suppose we treated other communicable diseases as we treated tuberculosis five years ago, that is, simply took the cases from their homes as they fell ill, (or isolated them in the home) treated them until they were at least non-infectious, but made no attempt to quarantine—until the incubation period was over—the homes from which the cases came and the people with whom they had associated. Everyone knows that in a very short time there would be a terrifying epidemic and most of the people in the province would fall sick and many die.

Yet tuberculosis, infectious like smallpox and other communicable disease, was handled in that way in Saskatchewan until four years ago when the Christmas Seal Campaign provided the Anti-Tuberculosis League with funds wherewith to carry on a campaign for Prevention, a campaign similar to that carried on against smallpox and scarlet fever.

In case the reader might think there has been an exaggeration as to the similarity of the infectiousness of these diseases, we refer to the report of the Royal Commission which investigated the tuberculosis problem in Saskatchewan in 1921. This Commission found that even at the age of 6 years 44% of child-



TODAY IS THE DAY, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN YOU SHOULD FORGET THE LESSONS LEARNED YESTERDAY, AND NOT PLAN WELL FOR THE COMING OF TOMORROW.

ren are infected with tuberculosis, and that the incidence of infection increases with the age.

Presumably the Commission's findings are generally applicable in Saskatchewan and one must therefore admit tuberculosis to be very infectious, and preventive work in this disease much neglected in the past.

The analogy between tuberculosis and these other diseases must not be carried to extremes. For instance, there is absolutely no necessity to quarantine a house where a tuberculosis case has been found. If any of the other inmates of the house have been infected they can be examined, and if they are developing the disease they can be treated and cured long before they reach the infectious stage. What is more they can, if necessary, be treated in the home without strict quarantine being in any way needed.

But, as is true in other contagious diseases, a new case is more likely to be found in a home where there is already a known case than in a home where none has come to light. In fact, a recent survey made in Saskatchewan states that there are four times as many chances of finding a new case of tuberculosis in a family where one case has already been found as in a family where there has never been a case.

These homes then, provide an excellent starting place for the prevention of tuberculosis, and this work has proved so worthwhile that the Christmas Seal Sale, to provide funds for the purpose, has become an annual affair.

Most people have a very hazy idea of what becomes of the money they give for Seals. They think it goes into the general funds of the League to pay for treatment of patients, and other incidentals connected with the operating of the provincial sanatoria. IT DOES NOT. It goes into a fund of its own, the Preventive Fund, which is drawn upon for the prevention of tuberculosis, and that work only.

Last year this fund assisted in the examining of:

1172 "contacts" of known tuberculosis who were examined by family physicians.

1938 "suspects" examined at the three Sanatoria.

1740 "suspects" examined at City Clinics.

1007 "suspects" examined by travelling consultants.

797 Normal School students.

260 Battleford School children.

And, the care of 10 babies born of tuberculous mothers in the Preventorium in 1931. This latter work was assisted by the I.O.D.E.

Surely all this work is worthy of the most enthusiastic support. Surely it is quite as important to protect ourselves from the ultimate as from the imminent disease. Today in Saskatchewan it seems from the statistics that we are protected 105 times more from the imminent disease, smallpox, than we are against tuberculosis whose inroads on health are so insidious that it is months and often years before it is ultimately felt.

When we become as alarmed about the preventing of tuberculosis as we are about the preventing of scarlet fever, smallpox and other communicable diseases that Great White Plague, Tuberculosis will be playing its last part in our health affairs.

The Christmas Seal Fund is our present instrument for prevention. If you believe in its work, assist in its growth.

—0—

Peter: Nurse I want to let my hair grow like Walters so I can have a pompadour.

Merton: And I want a hair cut like Dr. Andrews.

Mable Parker: Let me have the scales now.

Merle Small: What do you think I am a mermaid?

—0—

McQueen: Next to a beautiful girl what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?

Davies: When I'm next to a beautiful girl I'm not worrying about statistics.

Miss Riddell: I see your tea on the chair—a peculiar place to put it.

J. Forbes: Not at all. It's so weak I put it there to rest.

—0—

On "Catching Colds"

(Continued from page 7)

we brought no germs from the ship. In ordinary communities infections cannot be altogether avoided, but something can be done. Unless duty calls, don't go where infections are. Insist upon some care being taken by infected people, and show a good example. Occasional disinfection of rooms, especially much lived-in rooms such as schoolrooms, will help. Vaccination against colds has its believers and its unbelievers. Avoid chilling, overheated rooms, underheated rooms, humid rooms, overdry rooms, draughts, dust. Keep throat and teeth in good condition and hands clean. Sleep in good air. Get plenty of sleep. Avoid habitual or extreme fatigue. Dress sensibly. Keep in good physical condition. Especially, keep elimination going well.

If you are hit, and you will be sometimes, get the skin working freely. Take a hot bath. Get all organs of elimination working. Take a mild cathartic. Keep warm and comfortable. Take off your hat to any cold, but to a real cold take off all the rest of your clothes as well and go to bed. Take care of yourself until you are quite well again. Take an extra day indoors to make sure. Then go back to work. Don't give anyone a cold, and don't let anyone give his to you. If you haven't one, don't get one. If you have one don't give it away. Keep as clear of minor ills as you can, and many major ills will pass you by.



The Christmas Surprise

By Olga Ross, Fort San.



"Aunt Mandy, why can't we have a Christmas tree like we did when Mama was home?" asked a little boy whose name is Jack.

"Haven't we been good enough for Santa to come and visit us?" asked Jack's sister Claire. "Aunt Mandy, why can't we?" she coaxed.

"Go 'long yo' chillun, ah ain't got not time to bother wif you. Yo' Daddy done say dey was jis enough money fo' to keep us widout no extrys. 'Til he all gits work 'gain, yo' doan need no silly Christmas tree. Now yo' all get out o' heah an' stop yo' coaxin'."

The children left the kitchen slowly. It was rather hard to think they couldn't have anything different on Christmas day. "It'll be just like other days," sighed Claire.

"I wonder what Mother will have for Christmas. I shouldn't think she'd have much fun in bed in that San," declared Jack, "even though she is lots better now. I wish Mandy could read better, then we could know more about her. I can't read writing as well as printing. We should get her a present though Claire."

"But where are we going to get the money Jack? Mandy won't give us any."

"We can earn it, can't we?" replied Jack, with a determined look. "Lots of people might want errands done, because everybody is so busy. Let's go and ask Mrs. Brown."

"That would be a good idea," agreed Claire. So off they went to Mrs. Brown's who lived two streets away.

It was only a small town the children lived in, so there was no danger of them getting lost, even though Jack wasn't quite ten and Claire was just eight. Mrs. Brown had two errands to be done, for which she gave them each ten cents. Several other people on that street, who did not have children of their own, let Jack and Claire do their errands for them as well, so by dinner time they had seventy-five cents.

"Now what shall we buy her, Jack?" Claire asked as they walked home to dinner. "Something she can use in bed" was the reply, "Let me think a while and you think too."

Jack, boy like, could not think of anything for a sick-a-bed lady, but he did think of something very important.

"Claire, do you know what we've forgotten?"

"No," she replied quickly.

"We've got to get a present for Dad too. You know he'll be home this Saturday. Look how good he is to go away to try and get a job, and he leaves all the bank money for us. That's all he saved you know after the doctor was paid. Mandy said so. We'll run more errands this afternoon, shall we?"

Claire agreed again, and they went in to dinner.

"There's some mail for yo' chilluns. It's on de table," said Mandy. "Open it up Jack an' let's heah de noos from yo' blessed Mammy."

Jack picked up the letter and opened it quickly. It was from his Dad and it was printed, so he read it all.

"Dear Children," it said, "I am coming home on Saturday with a big surprise for you. Come down to the station, and be sure to be all clean —."

"A surprise!" exclaimed Claire. "Oh, I wish Saturday would hurry up and come. A whole week to wait!"

"Isn't that nice Mandy?" asked Jack excitedly. "And there's a little letter for you too Mandy."

Mandy smiled a little to herself all afternoon after reading her little note. She knew a secret—a nice one—and one that she could share later. She just couldn't be cross any more.

Saturday dawned, bright and clear. The children got up as early as Mandy allowed them, and they worked and worked to help Mandy get finished by train time.

Just before dinner time the train was due, so the three of them, Mandy, Jack and Claire, went down to the little village station. When the train puffed in they watched everybody get off, and then Daddy came. But who was that with him? Why, it was Mother! The children rushed to her side.

"You're the surprise, You're the surprise," they shouted joyfully.

"Yes, kiddies, I am the surprise. Are you glad? Let's go home and we'll tell you about another one too."

After they got home and were eating their dinner Daddy explained it all. "You see children, I got another job in Carsboro, but at first it wasn't steady. I didn't want Mother to come home until we could keep her, but I happened to be lucky, so we're all together again."

"Mother, will we have Christmas now?" Claire asked.

"Yes dear, we'll have a little one anyway. Mandy says you've been good, so Santa will surely come."

(Continued on page 31.)





The Poets' Corner



TO OUR LITTLE SAN SAINT.

Big brown eyes and pleasant smile,
Showing naught of stress or trial,
Peaceful, patient, all the while!
That's Minnie!

Lying ever calm and still,
Trusting in her Master's Will.
Who on earth could wish her ill?
Sweet Minnie!

Whose example seems to teach
Christian lessons to us each?
Heights we all should try to reach
Like Minnie.

Uncomplaining, gentle, pure,
Brave, and faithful to endure,
Pray we all that time will cure
Our Minnie.

G. M. Ridgway, P.A. San.

HIS CHOICE.

He did not realize what Christmas meant,
When he was placed upon the fragrant hay.
He did not even know why he was sent
To earth on that primeval Christmas day.

He lay so still. He did not know, nor care,
That angels sang his praises from the skies,
His infant ears of these were unaware—
Heard only Mary's tender lullabies.

He was so small. The gifts brought by the
Kings

His tiny fingers were too weak to hold.
What did he care for all those garish things—
The frankincense, the myrrh, or the gold?

All that he longed for, all that he desired,
Could not be given by Kings or Cherubim;
Only his Mother's arms, when he was tired—
Only his Mother's love surrounding him.

J. C. T., Fort San.

BUTTAH !

(With apologies to Edgar A. Guest)

Sure, three times a day, Thomas comes with
the cry,

"May I have some buttah?"
He repeats it till the nurse is heard to reply,

"May I have some buttah?"
He shouts it whenever trays are in sight,
Whenever the dinner doesn't suit him just
right,

'Tis his first cry at morning, his last cry at
night:

"May I have some buttah?"

Some beg second helping's, but here's Eric's
plea;

"May I have some Buttah?"
He'll say it at breakfast, at dinner, at tea;

"May I have some buttah?"
Should his tray be loaded with everything
sweet,

Which all other patients are eager to eat,
He'll look it all over, then once more repeat;

"May I have some buttah?"

Here's one plea perhaps, that will pass with the
years,

"May I have some buttah?"
In times never more will this ring in our ears,

"May I have some buttah?"
And sadder we'll be beyond shadow of doubt,
When wisdom and dignity reign all about,
When Tom isn't here to come out with the
shout,

"May I have some buttah?"

Fort San.





The Valley Volley

Ho Hum! Same old heading.

On November 11 the annual Armistice banquet was held in the dining hall and was the usual huge success. The banquet was followed by a very interesting program which was broadcast through the courtesy of the Leader Post radio station in Regina, CKCK. Dr. C. H. Andrews acted as toast-master for the evening. Dr. R. G. Ferguson gave the address of welcome while Major M. A. MacPherson of Regina was the speaker of the evening and formally opened the Christmas Seal Sale Campaign. Other speakers were Col. Garner of Regina, Mr. J. Sturdy of Fort Qu'Appelle, and Mr. McWean of Lipton. Musical selections were given by Miss Janet Rodger, Mr. T. Jackson of Indian Head and Constable Mann of Fort Qu'Appelle.

Later in the evening the staff and their friends enjoyed a dance in the auditorium, the San Serenaders providing the music.

Miss E. Minhinnick has returned, having spent a pleasant holiday in Vancouver and Los Angeles.

We are glad to report that Miss E. Rhodes is back on duty after a short illness.

The Girls' Relief Club held a very successful Bridge and Whist in the Auditorium on November 17. The prize winners in Bridge were Mrs. Barney and Mr. R. D. Roberts, and in Whist, Miss B. Rose and Mr. G. Hill. Mr. Hill was also the holder of the lucky ticket. During lunch vocal selections were given by Mrs. E. Butterworth and the Misses E. Cousins and J. Rodger.

Miss D. Lauder is spending a short vacation at her home.

Miss R. Biden, Miss M. Buker and Mrs. M. Turpin were charming hostesses at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss L. Winn, a December bride elect. The evening was spent pleasantly in Bridge, the prize going to Miss E. Burns. Later in the evening the bride-to-be was presented with a huge Christmas cracker which was stuffed with lovely gifts. The usual delightful lunch was served.

Miss E. Sutherland, graduate of the Winnipeg General Hospital, has returned to her home after completing a post-graduate course here.

On November 4 the Lemberg Dramatic Club presented a play in the Auditorium. It was called "East is West" and was very much enjoyed by the patients and staff. The members of the cast have been here on several previous occasions and are always heartily welcomed by the many friends they have made here.

We have said good-bye to the nurses who have just completed their post graduate work here and have returned to their homes. They are: Miss E. Burns, Wilkie; Miss A. Wilson, Bienfait; Miss J. Eisthein, Tilstin; and Miss B. Foss, Regina.

Miss O. Morton is off duty with a broken ankle which we hope will make a quick recovery.

Miss Ross has had her mother visiting with her for a few days recently.

Miss M. Pierce, Public Health Nurse of Yorkton, was a visitor at the San for a few days.

Curling began the middle of November, but the mild weather interfered rather drastically and all games had to be postponed. Skating, hockey and tobogganing were also interrupted for a short while. However, by the time this appears in print we shall be wondering if it was ever really warm.

A wedding which took place in Regina on November 10, will prove of great interest to many of our readers. The bride was formerly Miss E. Ferguson of the Fort San staff, and the groom, Alec Dickson, is an ex-patient. *The Valley Echo* is glad to extend to them the good wishes of their many Sanatorium friends who wish them much happiness.

Ex-patients in for review this month included the Misses Gertrude Stevenson, Eva Irving, Margaret Wolfe, Elva Beck, Gladys Flynn, Victoria Halarewitch and Nina Anderson; also Merle Porteous, Joe Maddia, and Francis Ross.



DISLIKES FOR OTHERS ARE NOT ALWAYS FORMED BECAUSE OF THEIR FAULTS,
BUT BECAUSE THEY HAVE FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT OURS.

Congratulations:

To Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Connell, on the birth of a baby girl, Rae Eleanor, on November 8.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. Hudell, on the birth of twin boys, Frederick George and Kenneth Charles. Born November 8.

To Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Smith. Born on November 16 a baby girl, Margaret Claire.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bulmer, on November 18, a baby boy.

Children's Pavilion.

Well, here we are again, busy as ever! Just now we're so excited getting ready for Christmas. Practising for our concert, learning our pieces, writing letters to Santa, and trying so hard to be good! We can hardly wait for our Christmas tree and all the lovely things we know Santa will bring us.

We have lost three of our best freinds, Agnes Thomas, Louella Lowenburger and Violet Fry. It must be nice to be home again, and we wish them the best of good luck.

Jean Zimmerman, Mabel Parker, Irene Fenske and Iris Wilkins have all had visitors this month and enjoyed them so much. We other children enjoyed seeing them too.

We have two new patients, Bessie Sideman and Edith Hunker. We do hope they will be very happy with us.

Picture Show night is a red letter night with us. We just love it!

Lief Brevis and Walter Kuna had relatives and friends to see them. Wasn't that nice.

Quite a few of the patients in our pavilion have been to see the painless dentist—but most of them didn't think so.

One of the boys in our pavilion has been put "on silence" and we all hope he will soon be allowed to talk again—although we have a little peace while he is "on silence."

Our artist has been doing quite a stroke of business these last two months. He has painted and sold quite a number of Xmas cards to the nurses and patients in the pavilion.

We were very fortunate this month in having Mrs. Thompson (Janet Munro) give us a very interesting address on the history of our Valley.

Pavilion 32

Ghosts, goblins, ku-klux-klans, niggers and nurses and—did we see aright? matrimony in person! This was the phantasmagoria ushered in by the eerie Tum-Tum of the drum which appeared to the claimed occupants of pavilion 32 on Hallowe'en. There are parades and parades, nightmares and night mares but what more bewitching than to witness the two in one. Ripley affirms that Hallowe'en is the most ancient of celebrations and provides

proof for his claims. Once the object of the occasion was to terrorise, to compel profound cogitation on one's past behaviour and meditation on the possibility of crashing the pearly gates. But with socialistic progress hallowe'en is now a friendly warning. Thus did the mimes of October 31st, give gentle monition against the terrors they depicted.

Louis Kish, has returned home to Kipling, and is sure a lucky boy. We wish Luis the best of luck for the future. Horace Clark has been transferred to the Regina General Hospital and Alex Ethier to Prince Albert Sanatorium to finish his cure-chasing. Keep up the good work Alex.

Doctor McRae is living up to the New Rules of the contract code. We thought it deplorable that we had to part with one of our nurses, Miss Jean O'Tool, when she left our pavilion to go on night duty but in her place we have Miss Vera Johnson and (between you and me and the gate post) we think she too is pretty nice and how!

Al Pine is declaring himself, champion cribbage expert.

We congratulate Jack Dempsey and Fred Korall on being promoted in exercise with honors and transferred to Pavilion 29.

We were wondering, if this is a fact, that Leo reads the Bible to his usual visitor.

Please take Notice: We have a second hand store and anybody wanting to deal in this manner may inquire for Alexander and Conrad of this pavilion on the second floor, because they are always open for business.

We welcome in our midst Edward Tuck of Elfros, Arthur Dodge of Regina and Samuel Wildfong of Oxbow, Sask., ex-patients, we wish them a speedy recovery in their renewed cure-chasing.

Three cheers for Ireland: Mrs. Pracht is our night nurse and do we like her. We'll say we do especially when she tucks us in our blankets.

Great hopes have been expressed for the future of Halliday, who is earnestly studying French, Harold says he is only preparing to take up tennis in the Spring.

As the next edition of *The Echo* will be out just before the holidays, we are all joining hands and extend our best wishes to all patients in the different "Sans" of the Province for a very Happy Christmas and renewed Health and Prosperity during the coming New Year.

Pavilion 31.

There is a rumour in Pavilion 31 concerning the formation of a private debating club. Nothing has yet been made public and our information comes from a most unreliable source. The full membership list is not known but it is said that the high lights in the organization are Messrs. Egge, Fowler, Hislop, Falconer and McArthur, with Mr. Smythe and Mr. Hutchison as associate members, acting in an advisory capacity.



At their meetings the club members discuss all topics of interest from baby feeding to naval disarmament. Each member is qualified to give an expert opinion on several subjects.

Mr. Egge's special line is "isms", optimism, socialism, communism, journalism, spiritualism and hypnotism, etc. Fowler is an authority on the proper procedure in all matters of love, marriage and divorce, and his knowledge of civic matters is immense. Hislop is the man to go to for advice concerning all municipal by-laws and provincial statutes as well as matters pertaining to the raising and rustling of cattle, brand blotting, etc. He is also in high standing in banking and financial circles.

Falconer is interested in "ologies", geology, criminology, psychology, zoology, etc. and can give expert advice on quite a number of subjects, e.g., How to keep police dogs from biting people; How to make hooked rugs; How to keep your wife from cleaning the loose change out of your trouser pockets; How to keep your nose from freezing in winter, etc. etc.

McArthur is the radio expert and musician. All problems of broadcasting and syncopation are duck soup to him. He knows his amps., volts, watts, and kilocycles, as well as his bars, octaves, semi-quavers, and onions. This body of brilliant young men are prepared to give a solution for any problem. It does not matter whether they know anything about the subject under discussion or not. The less they know, the better advice they'll give you. Remember, they accept no responsibility for libel suits, black eyes or broken noses acquired as a result of following their advice.

Is it True:

That John Denver is a woman hater.

That Miss Schick is in love.

That Gurner Jones has gone into the drug business in a big way.

That Balfour and Martin have shaved off their whiskers.

That Miss Garstone still wears silk pyjamas.

That Miss Metcalfe hates fair men.

That a young gentleman in Pav. 31 said he would give five dollars for a kiss from Miss T—.

That Hutchison, M'Cannel and Falconer were all mad when their names were spelled wrong in a recent edition of *The Valley Echo*.

(Hear the editor groan?. Note—will reporters kindly be more careful in future?)

Sgd. The Innocent Bystander.

Rubinfoff and Fritz-Kreisler have taken up residence below us. We wake, we eat and sleep to the voice of something that needs oil.

We hope to get good reception from our radio operator who is taking pneumo now.

We understand Mac Hislop has rendered his account to Messrs. Smyth and Hutchison for delivering political arguments.

We wonder what those noises are that emanate from room 29 and 30 after the lights go out. Hello!

We sincerely hope that our day nurse Miss Fatherdale will continue to be with us.

We would like to know when Pudgy is going to shave 3 times a day.

We are wondering whether R.B. is still contemplating buying that \$750 diamond ring for whom.

We extend to our Dr. G. J. Wherrett a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

This year Hallowe'en passed with its usual masquerade of ghosts, witches, goblins, devils and numerous other supernatural and hair raising sights. The Great Parade passed through after dark:

Two by two, they paraded through,
The witches, ghosts, and niggers,
The clowns and cats and hoboes too,
They were sights to give you jiggers.

There were the parson and the devil,
And the brides and the grooms;
Sights both good and evil
Paraded through the rooms.

There were sailors and lumbermen,
And many another sight,
It was past my power to number them
As they paraded through the night.

Poor Jim almost jumped out of bed and his skin too, and Thomas got a punch on the nose that made him wish that it wasn't so big.

If it is true that men will buy anything from pretty girls, then there must have been lots of poppies and christmas seals sold here. Anyway, we hope the sellers met with lots of success.

We are reminded that Christmas will soon be here and presents will soon be abundant. Speaking of presents, Miss Metcalf thinks Jim needs a safety pin, but "Hutch" says he needs a knife. We won't say what Jim thinks he needs. Jim is embroidering an apron and we are wondering whom it is for.

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Ask for the package with the
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ASK YOUR
DEALER



If we read the signs aright, Max loves the hand that feeds him.

Mr. Robertson was quite lonesome for a while, his room mate, Bill Speley, was moved to the Infirmary. We wish you the best of luck Bill, and may you soon be able to be back with us again.

Max Hislop is going down to Pav. 32 dining room for his meals now, the lucky guy!

Famous last words, "You're almost as bad as Sinclair."

Pavilion 29.

By "Nosey Willie"

Our Wit, Billie says, "B'leeve me chickens must be awful smart to know jus' what size eggs to lay to fit our egg cups!"

For the coming New Year I wish to:

Dr. Wherrett a 10,000 volume library.

Mrs. Pracht model patients.

Glenn Hegg a little common sense.

Johnny Dobson a new pair of slippers.

Olga Ross full exercise, and home.

Miss Burnett a winning sweepstake ticket.

Pederson a little discretion.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepper a hollywood contract.

Joe Klyne a set of iron chessmen.

Walter a noiseless floor polisher.

The Valley Echo a 100,000 circulation.

The open shelf library the classic "Capital."

The world in general, common sense and stability.

Dandurand a book on etiquette.

Those that I omitted *their own wishes*.

All the patients, health, joy, long life and happiness.

Everyone a merry christmas and a happy new year.

McLeod will give in exchange for a good conditioned snore muffler, lessons in the elegant art of chess playing (as a compliment to his room mate.)

Perhaps a suitable name for our heading would be "Echoettes" perhaps?

Kroll is our shining bright boy here. He shines all the door knobs and brass trimmings.

Imagine our Mr. Attfield going to sleep the other night, with a pig in bed.

Wendel Aloysious Percival Dempsey is now a twenty-niner. He is being fattened up and will be sent home in time for the Christmas table.

We heard some inspiring addresses on Armistice day, over our own net work of radio earphones.

There should be a considerable drop in temperature averages, now that the U.S.A. elections are over, says Porcupine Pete.

Cuthbertson, our staunch conservative, is now hanging up his hat in the P.A. San. We miss him.

Ushering in the Crabbing Dept.:

"The meat is too tough."

"The meat is too tender."

"The soup is too hot"

"The soup is too cold"

"The coffee is too strong"

"The coffee is too weak."

"The eggs are too hard."

"The eggs are too soft."

"The potatoes are too soggy."

"The potatoes are too dry."

Etc. etc. etc. so my advice is for those that

don't like it go get married.

San Enlargements:

Dr. Wherrett smiling approvingly.

Rosner looking for Archie Dale's dog.

Mrs. Pracht giving a lecture.

Russell getting an O.K. hair cut.

Spier having a heart to heart understanding with Marx.

Johnny reading the October issue of the "Journal of Commerce."





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Max discoursing the social question.

Simpson reading "Idle Moments of an Ideal Man."

Williams reading, "What Every Young Man Should Know."

"And so we drift and float along
Singing to-day, tomorrow's song.
So long."

Pavilion 28.

We congratulate Mrs. Margo, who, after spending more than four years in a cast, now enjoys "full bath-room exercise." As Lean would say, "For the lovely Pete!"

Sweaters for grandfathers are now the rage in the sitting room. One wonders if the said grandfathers have gone into their second childhood or are just plain "collegiate."

A committee of "Ways and Means" is about to be formed because of great necessity. Its object is to collect enough of the well known shekels to buy muffles for certain members of this winter colony.

The late mild spell relieved the situation somewhat. Previous to it we were under the impression of being prepared for Pat Burns packing plant.

Xmas Seal work is almost finished for this year. Then Ruth will have to chase cure in the mornings, which really is a tragedy.

We are looking forward, though with little enthusiasm, to a quiet Xmas. Incidentally all the noisy people are going home, which of course has nothing to do with the quiet Xmas.

Pavilion 24.

FOUND—On November 20, at Fort San, Pavilion No. 24.

The question now is: Is our long unoccupied space still open to us? Well, there is nothing like finding out.

(Ed. Note: Even as there is great rejoicing in Heaven over the one found sheep, so is there great rejoicing in the editorial chair. Welcome back.)

We feel quite proud at having our balcony in the movies. What a time we had getting ready for the big event. After so many sleepless rest periods which we spent wondering if we did the right thing at the right time, we had the privilege of seeing ourselves on the screen. Yes, really on the screen. And we felt quite important when all the patients were invited to see the picture.

We are also proud to have the first oleothorax patient in Fort San on our balcony in the person of Donna MacDonald. Donna is responding willingly and successfully, but we're afraid she will be leaving us soon now.

Congratulations to Isabel Francis on receiving "once a day."

Now that aeroplanes are so common Donna thinks it isn't safe to go on picnics. We wonder WHY?

A Little Story of Favorite Sayings:

Isabel: "Hello spoilt child."

Donna: "Oh, I don't know."

Mildred: "I wouldn't expect you to."

Lena: "Think so."

Annabelle: "I ask you, is that nice?"

Estelle: "For Pete's sake."

We all wondered why a certain young lady missed her afternoon rest period one fair Sunday. But when we saw what the results were, well—the rest of us wouldn't mind missing our rest either, Sundays or week days.

We are sorry to lose Eileen Way to the Infirmary. With all the good wishes that went with her she should soon be back with us again. In her place we welcome Annabelle Morrison with her smiles and chuckles. She has settled down like an old timer already.

As a rule we don't like counting our birthdays, but when they are birthdays like Donna's we wouldn't mind if they came more often. Many happy returns, Donna.

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A TREE IS ONE OF GOD'S THOUGHTS.

Rest Period: Peace and Quietness reigneth on the balcony. Then all of a sudden—Bang! Crash! ! Pop—! Spirt! Snort??—Swish??!! Then a wee small voice: "Don't be alarmed girls, it's only the doctor backing his car out.

We welcome Miss Ida Hendier of Lemberg to the Lower East.

To Whom It May Concern: Curling or night-caps made to order. All sizes, shapes and color. For further information phone 54.

Our Pet celebrated her birthday last week. When we first saw the birthday cake it had four candles on it—later thirteen. Heated arguments still occur as to which was the correct number, but fourth or thirteenth, Many happy returns.

The Upper East Balcony is very pleased to have Miss Moffat back again after her pleasant holiday at home. She is looking bright and cheerful.

Mrs. P. Wetaski was moved to Main Floor. In her place we have Mrs. Taylor.

Stevie is wearing a broad smile these days. She got a wonderful report.

Miss Waller left us for Pav. 28. We are pleased to hear of her having some exercise.

Mrs. Purvis has been promoted from bottom Floor to the Upper East.

Mrs. Lorne Quick returned to her home in Punnichy recently. Good luck Mrs. Quick from your balcony mates.

Pavilion 23

We are busy girls in this pavilion lately. Every afternoon six of us go punctually to work for the Xmas Seal Fund and for two hours we sort and check under the watchful eye of Mr. Cooper. We then, powder our noses, and stroll up to the main building to wait for supper-time, where five other girls meet us. We feel so sympathetic for the "No-exercise" girls in the pavilion—and they feel the same for us, who go out into the cold and biting world.

The bottom floor of the Infirmary has a break, our Mrs. Fowler has been moved over there for a short stay. We miss her very much, as we've no one to run to, but here's hoping she's soon back in Pavilion 23.

Please excuse mistakes. There are three of the girls here trying to sing the Stein song as it's played over the radio, and it's hard for this little reporter to write serious news, when her ears are being hurt—How's that girls?

Mrs. Spencer is here from the Infirmary, having changed places with Mrs. Fowler. She keeps the girls in the sitting-room and everything that goes in there—happy and cheerful.

It's lucky the reporters are in the first room, we call it the highway. There's Mrs. Hopkins jumping along, hugging her little pig in her arms. Soon after her room-mate, Miss Partridge, walks majestically through to warm her bed-fellow, a few minutes later Mrs. Blackburn comes smiling through. As it nears

bed time we hear Louise Peterson coming, she stays and helps us solve the world problems until we hear the orderly coming. Then there are three mad dives, for pigs, blankets and "good nights" with "just a minute John," heard on all sides.

Oh, we nearly forgot, we had an exchange with "28" a few days ago. We have Mrs. Martin here, and we sent Jo Rasmussen to them, everybody happy? We'll say so.

We would like to tell the young man, that wrote to Auntie Te-Be the other month, that the young lady is now on exercise. How about a few passes? or may be her description then we could help you more next time.

Cheerio Folk, there will be lots of news next month as a few of us think we are ready to try our wings again, for the wide spaces.

Top Floor Infirmary.

Christmas is drawing nearer and nearer, isn't it! Only a few more days. How time evaporates! We don't even get time to think up anything for the "Echo."

I know one thing very nice though, and that is that Mrs. Nadeau's husband was here for a visit—and she had a birthday, too! We hear you have a lovely new fountain pen as well Mrs. N.!

Congratulations to Norma Wilson. She has exercise. Keep up the good work Norma.

Dora McBurney had a visitor one Sunday not so long ago—a very nice young gentleman, we heard.

Iona Oke had a gentleman visitor too on that same Sunday I think. Oh, there were several happy faces along the corridor.

Fay Pounder had several visitors from Regina before the roads got blocked up.

To Miss Winn, who left us recently, we offer our very best wishes for a long and happy married life.

Mrs. McWean, Miss Butcher and two other Guides, were down from Lipton to enroll the two new Guides in the West End Ward. Everybody enjoyed the evening immensely.

Several patients of the West Wing of the Infirmary enjoyed a treat this month. Dr. Andrews and Joe brought up the Christmas Seal Film. Pauline Galloway, Margaret Kemp Mrs. Ward, Fay Pounder, Iona Oke, Eileen Way Blanche Sylvain, Anne Siche, Norma Wilson and Olga Ross, all saw the picture and pronounced it very good.

Later on in the month some of the patients of the East Wing saw the picture too. We sincerely thank those who made it possible for us to see it.

We were very sorry to hear of Miss Morton's accident. Best wishes for your speedy recovery Miss Morton.





Saskasanagrams

The League's moving picture, *The Seal of Prevention*, has been shown here on several occasions and we all have been intensely interested in it. We thought the acting was exceptionally good and congratulate every one of the actors.

Dr. and Mrs. Perreault of Bruno visited us in November.

Miss Effie Porter and Miss Nellie Carson were joint hostesses at a very successful dinner Bridge on November 29, when they entertained a number of their friends in the sitting room of the Nurses' Home. The tables for dinner were centered with red and white carnations and were most attractively arranged. A delicious dinner was served. Four tables of bridge were in play, the prizes going to Miss Hazel Hart and Mrs. H. Saunders.

Misses Eunice and Lila Best are enjoying a holiday at their home.

Dr. E. R. Rafuse has joined our staff and settled down amongst us again as if he had never been away: Welcome back Dr. Rafuse.

Dr. W. D. McPhail of Kindersley was a visitor here recently.

We were honored by a visit from the Hon. C. A. Dunning when he was a visitor in Saskatoon recently. Mr. Dunning was one of the original members of the Saskatchewan Anti-Tuberculosis League and is still intensely interested in the work. It was a great pleasure to show him through our institution here.

Dr. F. L. Eid of Macklin called on us a short time ago and visited some of his patients here.

Dr. J. A. Monkman of Loreburn was also a recent visitor.

Dr. F. D. Sutherland, recently of the League's medical staff, is now on the staff of the Mental Hospital at Weyburn. Greetings Dr. Sutherland.

Miss Edith Stocker, our Superintendent of Nurses, is spending a well earned holiday with friends and relatives in Winnipeg.

Dr. J. A. Scratch of Maymont spent a short time with us recently when he accompanied one of his patients to the Sanatorium.

The death of Mrs. Jas. Read on November 17th came as a great shock to her family and friends. Mrs. Read, though in delicate health for some time, had only been confined to her bed one day when she passed away. Mr. and Mrs. Read celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in February of this year on which occasion they received scores of friends at their home on Avenue K and were the recipients of many messages of congratulation from those who were unable to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Read are well known at Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium where Mr. Read was a member of the staff for twelve years before coming to Saskatoon and where they had a host of friends. At this time it is fitting that the Valley Echo should convey to Mr. Read and the members of his family the sympathy and condolence of their friends at the three Sanatoria.

Miss D. Morrison, R.N., of Saskatoon is relieving on our nursing staff. Miss Morrison has worked with us before and those who remember our previous pleasant associations are delighted at the prospect of having her with us again.

Among the ex-patients who were in for review the past month were: Stanley Morrell, Mrs. Elmira Hamilton, Walter Ladouceur, Mrs. Bertha Carr (nee Hubley) Richard Enright Bertha Nordine, Jewel McMichael, Vera Crawford, James Smythe, Mrs. Mabel Oulette, Mrs. Mabel Elies, Walter Chadwick, all of Saskatoon. James Campbell, Melfort; Victoria Matycio, Alec. Jeffrey, Senlac; Steve Szynkaruk, Prud'homme; Selmer Strand, Zealandia; Edith and Annie Kalbfleisch, Carlton; Mrs. Dorothy Cumming, Feudal; John Cameron, McMorran.

First Floor.

Dear Santa Claus:

Our little nurse Miss Leland says nothing is too good for us this year so we shall send you the list without delay.



Mrs. Radcliffe wants a new leg, or a part of one,—one from the knee down will be sufficient.

Vera Fields would like the drug store moved to her room, and don't forget the druggist.

Jacqueline Schwab wants a hug-me-tight, with blue eyes and nice hair.

Margaret McIntosh wants lots of nuts, and if you have about thirty pounds of fat down there bring that too.

Pearl Guest wants a gift that will charm birds.

Helen Neufeld says if she never sees stew again she'll ask for no more.

Margaret Wilson wants exercise and P.D. Q. too.

The Mesdames Van Dorpe, Nelson, Chor-tier, Walton, Jackson, Semeniw and Pawluk want their hubbies, lots of turkey, and cranberry sauce—they say all that goes good together.

Muriel McCready wants everything but disillusion and please don't bring Rose Hall and Mrs. Stevens anything because they are leaving against our wishes.

And please Santa bring Miss Leland some nice perfume. Miss Kimpton some new skin to put on her elbow where it rubbed off when she fell over Jacqueline's guitar and Nora would like some unbreakable dishes, while Mike Symchych would like a nice new wagon to bring our dinners 'cause the old one is pretty well worn. And above all don't forget Mr. Craig's loud speaker.

Sincerely,

Leapen Lizz's Offspring.

Second Floor.

Only last week we were enjoying daily exhibitions of skaters clad in variegated sweaters, toques, breeches, etc., cutting graceful figures on the ice near the western shore of the mighty Saskatchewan. Indeed, the fair ones

seemed to be possessed of the proverbial "wings of a bird", but alas and alak, the absence of Jack Frost having again transformed the glassy surface leaves nothing but water, water everywhere and the fairies come no more to skate. The more optimistic minds among us express the hope that if the weather keeps mild the winter apparel will be replaced by bathing costumes and the "figure" skaters by mermaids.

Our sporting element is patiently waiting the start of the professional hockey schedule. Grave fears originally felt that the games might not be broadcast, are becoming of lesser importance as echoes of a more "material interest" in this connection are heard in the distance.

Our hopes of "enjoying" the prize money for a recent cross-word contest suffered a severe set-back for the time being when Joe Barrett announced that he had run fifth and lost the race.

Ye Ed may well wonder just how many confessions were made in the recent wash-room investigation. One of our staff opines that it is fortunate that honesty is not one of the essentials of "cure", otherwise a considerable percentage of our ranks would be here for the remainder of their lives.

Recent "cures" effected in our section:

Sauve has joined the "total bed" class. That advances the total number here to three?

If any reader enjoys nightmares, or has a weakness for ghost stories, just ask Percy O'Donnell to tell you about his experience on Guy Fawkes Day (or night, rather). Don't rush, Percy won't forget the details and if further proof is wanted by those from Missouri anyone in this wing can testify as to the "dramatic" effect produced upon the victim.

Why doesn't somebody give the "funny papers" to Peter Demoskoff earlier in the day so that the poor boy won't have to read them by moonlight?

Being a firm believer in the old adage that "a change is as good as a rest" our old friend Scott Beach departed for pastures new and is now domiciled at Prince Albert San. Good luck Scott.

Lloyd Weatherilt is the latest addition to our brotherhood in the Centre. He was so much taken up and influenced by the historical scenes presented when all our "knights in armour" appeared on the balcony during the rest period that he asked to be promoted without delay through the stages of page, esquire, to a full-fledged "knight in armour". This being granted, he is now fully qualified to assist McQueen in protecting and comforting the ladies who desire to be protected and comforted in the old, but never-the-less romantic manner. (We notice quite a number seek

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this protection). Ladies, please note that this new knight's castle is four spear lengths east of McQueen's stronghold.

John Ewaschowski, better known to San society as "Buttercup", is now gracing the Centre with his charming smiles and noisy chatter, thus proving a great attraction, so much so that Donald Green is taking a personal interest in John's education, starting with the alphabet.

By the time this appears in print another of our number in the person of Bill Masters will have left for home. His residence here had considerable effect upon his one time girlish figure. The best mathematical and engineering skill could devise no scheme by which Bill could be enclosed in a suit that fitted him so well a few months ago. So Bill was forced to contribute a little towards relieving the depression by purchasing a new suit.

Congratulations to Donald Middlemass on his return to his home in the City. He is enjoying good health again. His departure has been keenly felt by the various social circles on all floors. John Halip, his trusty lieutenant, in whose capable hands Don left his interests, reports "All Quieter on the Western Front".

Are the west-wingers proud of their poet? And how! As a token of their appreciation the boys are going to equip him with a bottle of hair tonic, a few applications of which they feel is necessary for that poetical look.

The boys are considering the advisability of setting Siskin up in business. He has proved his mettle in the raffling line, having disposed of seven pairs of pyjamas, three toques, five pairs of sox, and two bathrobes, to the satisfaction of the respective owners and winners too. Office: room 215. Business hours 7 a.m. and on.

J. G. Smith may be forced to postpone that trip this Xmas. It seems he was unfortunate in favoring the wrong candidates to win in the recent civic elections.

One of our versatile inhabitants is busy erecting a Xmas tree, we think it is. In the event of a concert Vic Hayes (reinforced by a couple of pillows) has asked if he can be Santa Claus.

Dan Morrison had been telling McGlinchy of happier days. "Well Dan" said Mac confidentially, "I've had my moments too, and let me tell you they weren't all moments either."

Famous last words: Say Doctor, do you suppose it would hurt me to go down town on Xmas Day?

Don't forget to hang up your socks on Xmas eve boys—You never can tell.

Third Floor.

Dear Santa:

Edith Yoos needs some car-muffs, red if you can get them, and some unshrinkable pyjamas. If you have any musical instruments, such as a kazoo or a mouth organ Julia would be very pleased to have one. She likes to sing you know and we think that almost anything would be better than that.

For Eleanor, one perfect evening consisting of: an evening dress, a handsome partner, a good orchestra, polished floor, some good waltz numbers, and enough breath to get around the ball room once. P.S. If you can't afford this, a book of fairy tales will fill the bill. Mrs. Ritchie has decided that in addition to her other requests, she will add an engagement book to keep track of her numerous cribbage dates.

Her means of travelling being somewhat limited, Edith Hutchison would welcome a toy train with tunnels ??? and everything. Bungalows have a peculiar fascination for Muriel McNally, but a toy doll house will satisfy her this year. Although she probably will not admit it, Santa Claus, Eddy Ferworn would like one of those big Ma-Ma dolls to keep her company when Muriel goes for drives etc. Could you bring Frances Herman a coffee plantation? Just a small one, with a dairy farm on it (thrown in).

Anna Andres is being practical this year, so she is asking for a Baby Austin with a trailer attached to use in her library business.

Please bring Mrs. Senton a telephone or microphone, or any other kind of a phone, because we seldom have the opportunity to talk to her, and that would solve the problem. You'll do your best, won't you Santa? Best wishes and Merry Christmas, "Ye Cub Reporter."

In the West Wing we have lost our Beth Macnab who left us for a non-stop fight for home. She experienced the usual trouble of San patients—too many things to pack and not

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enough space to pack them in. Knucky, the only one of the trio left, proved a friend in need. Good luck Macnab.

We've a grand list of exercise patients this month: Mrs. Reimer, Mrs. Barr and Sister St. Paul are those who have found favor in the eyes of Dr. Hames. Congratulations.

Mrs. Laughlin has moved to Centre and in her place we have Miss Kalachoff.

We hear that Annie Rambold and Lorraine Imrie are in 307. We were expecting them down here and are rather disappointed, but take consolation in the fact that we'll see them occasionally if they go out on the balcony.

Merry Christmas to you all.

Fourth Floor.

The Fourth Floor reporter waxes poetical for positively the first and last time (this is a promise.) Critics may complain of the rhythm and rhyme, but don't forget that every poet has a license.

Santa Claus hearken to me,
From Fourth Floor comes the plea:
Beula Veale I know would chose
A steno to answer her billets doux
Betty and Clara would like more chairs
To seat the boys who come up the stairs.
Ronnie, we must confess,
Would like more dolls to dress.
Peggy and Annie we know would like some
Extended hours when visitors come.
Miss Mason, who works hard indeed,
Wants roller skates to increase her speed.
But don't bring any to Dr. Boughton,
He goes quite fast enough without 'em.
Cecelia of clan McIntosh
Would like more patients to wash.
Ruth would like another fish
To join the one she has in a dish.
Mirriam Lorrimer would like a "pig".
Brown and white and not too big.
Robb, who is always on the run,
Would like two helpers and an extra one.
"Skinny" Macklin on the quiet,
Would like a few rules on diet.
Mrs. Parker says we can't keep her—
Bring "pass to Regina", together with sleeper.
Anna K. Dean, you know the lass?
Wants a permanent Bridge pass.
Mrs. Thrasher we seem to think,
Would like a giant bottle of ink.
We haven't asked Miss Gertrude Porter,
So bring her whatever you think you'd orter.

Florence Evans has left us. Florence, why did you? Well anyway we've got one consolation—we'll still have Santa Claus. We've got a handy balcony for him to light on up here. By the way, Santa, we know you read the "Echo", so if you want to find Flo. Evans on Xmas eve you'll have to go down to the West Wing of Third Floor, 'cause that's where she is now. Be sure to fill her stocking full.

Betty O'Donnell wrote to Santa the other night, but she had so many things to ask for that she went through her own writing tablet and had to ask Clara Hanson if she could borrow hers. "Humph" says Clara, "Looks like the depression hasn't hit Santa! He'll have to be a millionaire to get all the things you want."

What's this about Betty and Ruth Erickson planning a skating party and not inviting Clara and Mrs. Macklin? They now give out that everyone is welcome. Minnie Lorrimer says, "You can go skating, but it's ski-ing for me."

Annie Rambold and Lorraine Imrie have left us for their winter home on Third Floor. We miss them very much indeed but know they are having a perfectly lovely time being together again. Annie Innis and Peggy Harrison have taken their rooms. Here's hoping you like Fourth Floor girls.

Yes, folks, it's less than a month till Xmas and here we are lying in our beds "while visions of sugar-plums dance through our heads". We can't think of anything else but Santa just now, so we'd better sign off and give somebody else some room.

Merry Christmas to all.

Brisbois: The unemployed have themselves to blame. Why last fall the farmers at Harris couldn't get any harvest help until the conductor forced those bums to get off the freight train.

Barrett: Well, I don't blame them. Who the dickens would want to get off at that place?

"What is your favorite sport, doctor?"

"Sleighing."

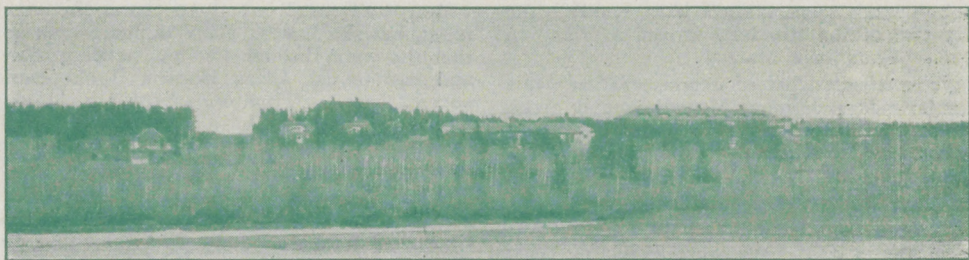
"No, I mean apart from your profession."

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Prince Albert Sanatorium

Monday evening October 31st, was the occasion of a Hallowe'en Party in the Children's Wing and what a grand time everyone had. The hall was beautifully decorated with Jack-o-Lanterns, black cats, witches, etc., while ruddy, mellow lights suffused the whole. The gathering, of children, many exercise patients, and members of the staff were called to order by the chairman, a smart looking nurse who very much resembled Dr. McPherson. The programme was crammed with interesting items such as recitations, songs, choruses by the children, and instrumentals. The solo given by Miss B. Arkison was very well done and appreciated by grown ups as well as the children who got a real thrill out of it. Miss I. MacDonald's number and encores were also beautifully rendered. She was accompanied by Mrs. Banting. It was a surprise to us to know that there was so much real talent on our staff for not only the ladies took part but the boys also ably contributed. Messrs. Robert McCory, M. Forster and Harry Duffield gave splendid vocal solos proving to us what fine voices they have, while for instrumentals Mr. MacFee's banjo solo, Mr. Jimmie Connell on the violin, and Mr. Charlie Thompson as a cornetist, leave nothing to be desired. Miss Helen Sutherland and Mrs. Miller were the clever accompanists. No Sanatorium programme is quite complete without a reading from Miss W. Maguire and as usual she did not disappoint us. The musical items given by the ensemble comprising such players as Miss W. Bigg, Miss R. Crealock, Miss Bowerman, Mrs. Miller, J. Connell and Charlie Thompson were wonderful and received much applause. The kiddies did their part too. Recitations were given by Mary Deschamp, Peter Lubyk, Victor Knutson, Signard Brevik, Ernest Codette and Freda Lang. A howl of delight greeted the ballet (or bally) dancers who literally took the audience by storm, so to speak. Charlie's and Henry's clever antics were very, very funny to say the least. Some of the girls would like a tip as to what brand of rouge "Minnie Ha Ha" and "Minnie Haboba" used, (and another haw haw!) A few were in costume: Dr. McPherson a graduate nurse, Miss Maguire a quaint old fashioned lady; there was an honest-to-goodness live ghost; the two Minnies, and Miss Han-

son as a negro mammy. Miss Hanson is a real comedienne and her negro songs accompanied on the piano were greeted with much merriment. We think a great deal of credit is due Miss Hay, Miss Mitchell and others who gave of their time and energy in the preparation of the evening's entertainment.

Dr. Kirkby and Jim Connell are taking their annual holiday east of Hudson Bay Junction, where they are hunting.

Sanatorium interest centres around the open air rink. The idea was conceived among the staff, and they proceeded to do the necessary work, and it is now a rendezvous for skaters and would-be skaters.

Miss E. M. Forsyth left for a vacation which will be spent in Winnipeg, Regina and her home at Caron, Sask.

Miss Dorothy Ballantine has returned from a gay holiday spent in New York.

Mrs. Connell entertained at a delightful bridge party of three tables on November 18th. Prizes for highest scores went to Miss W. Driscoll and Dr. Banting.

Mrs. W. H. Affleck, Dorchester, Mass. spent a two week's visit with her brother Mr. Percy Douglas.

The long-talked-of event has materialized and our Miss Winnie Bigg is now Mrs. Kenneth Munro of Garrick, Sask. She has taken with her the love and good wishes of those with whom she came in contact at the Sanatorium, and her cheery, willing service and the personal interest she took in each one of her patients are warm spots that will linger long in our memories.

The wedding took place at St. Alban's Cathedral on November 15th at 8 p.m., the Rev. Canon G. H. Holmes officiating. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. F. J. Bigg while the bride's attendant and the best man were Miss Alice Lawrence and Mr. Jack Bigg. The bride was lovely in a sky blue crepe ensemble trimmed with white fur. She wore a white velvet hat and carried a beautiful bouquet of pink and red roses. Miss Isabel McDonald sang "My World" while the register was being signed.



Following the ceremony Miss M. Montgomery, our Superintendent of Nurses, was the hostess at a charming reception held in honor of the happy couple.

Ground Floor.

The gang in Room 14 miss Brother Shibald since he went to Third—and also the other two who thought the moonlight was too hard on their complexions so moved to Room 15.

We are to lose Mr. Christopherson shortly. Awfully sorry girls.

Those fellows, Dad and Shorty, in No. 7 think they can play Euchre.

No. 24 is full again since Brother Ladouceur returned and Red and Joel came from Second.

We all know how long we shall be here. Professor Finbull has told us. We should also like to know which member of the staff must "chase cure" for another year.

We miss Uncle Eli very much. But we wish him the best of luck.

Second Floor.

(Open letter to Santa Claus from West Centre.)

What Ho—What Ho—I say Old Dear, seeing that Christmas is just around the jolly old corner, doncha kno (and all that stuff), we of the West, (where there's more of borrowing and less of buying) and there are fifteen of us, speaking five different "parlex-vouses", want to give you the odd jolly old tip. What say?

Seeing as how people living in stone houses shouldn't throw glass and people who patronize balloons shouldn't wear hat pins, we're not calculating on putting you wise as to who was bad and who is good. No siree, we aim to eat our cake and keep it too!

Say Santa, you can cross Mrs. Panas off your Sanatorium list 'cause on November 10th she received her very honourable discharge. After having spent two years of conscientious cure-chasing she packed up, bag and baggage, and gave us the air. What say? Well yes, come to think of it Mrs. Panas did gain considerable avoirdupois—in fact, if the truth be told Mrs. Panas in going home makes just one more living, walking, talking (and eating) Sanatorium advertisement.

Has "Nurse" MacPherson (who so graciously made her debut on October 31) exhausted her cosmetic supply that she must use, or does she prefer, Red Mustard ointment to rouge?

Just because Nettie doesn't like the Sanatorium is no reason for to her drop her false teeth on the floor and break the plaster on the ceiling beneath.

Will the patient who has a San wheel chair concealed in her Wardopack please put the same back from where she took it?—and do it before stock taking day too.

West Wing Centre has formed a choir under the able direction of the famous European

Falsetto, Madame Van Fingstad. Every afternoon at 4.33 sharp (and a few flats) their mellow voices may be heard surrendering.

"Good afternoon dear Doctor,

And how do you do?

Good afternoon dear Doctor,

You know that we love you."

to the tune of that beloved old fox-trot "The Lost Chord (cord to be found later.) The choir sends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Ritchie who recently lost her phrenic nerve. They hope that this will not be detrimental to her crooning ability. M.S., who has lost her heart, they are glad to state is able to continue with her unforgettable yodel. Send in your requests to No. 279, the choir will not sing your favourite song—and they hope you won't like it.

East Wing

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year! Another year has rolled around and once again Christmas is upon us. We should like to take this opportunity of extending greetings to all three Sans, and a sincere wish that this year will bring us nearer the desired goal—health.

A delightful party was recently given by Miss Irene Cuming in honour of her departing room mate Miss Marjorie Brown, who left a few days later for her home at Tompkins. The room was nicely decorated in orange and black, hallowe'en colours. The guests, mainly exercise patients of the wing, played games, sang songs and had fortunes told, but the real event of the evening was the toothsome luncheon served. Cold chicken, bread and butter, cookies, short-bread, olives and candy were there in abundance. A few days previously Irene had received a large box from the Homemakers' Club at Inchkeith, and incidentally, what Irene didn't get in that parcel is not worth mentioning. The Homemakers' certainly know how to prepare a box for the San. Needless to say everyone enjoyed herself immensely and all expressed a wish that the guest of honour would continue to make as satisfactory progress at home as she has done here.

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We think the patients should move a vote of thanks to Mr. McIntosh our radio operator for the hotcha hotcha music we are getting these days. No foolin' we've been having some excellent programmes.

Two shining examples of cure-chasing at home are Miss Ernestine Nolin and Miss Yvonne Robert who visited the San recently looking like a million. We are pleased they got good reports.

We think our champion weight-gainers are Hilda and Josephine for these little "gals" are certainly putting on the pounds and Lillian is running them a close race. These young ladies are making "persistent" gains. Look out Mrs. Potter or you'll be in this class too.

Mrs. Larsen of Medstead, who is known at both Saskatoon and P. A. Sans., spent a few days here while getting her review. Mrs. Larsen looked just fine and we feel sure must have got good news from the doctor. Another ex-patient in for examination was Madame Durette of Ormaux. Mrs. Durette looked well too and did not have to remain. She was very pleased to be able to return to her family.

Several patients returned to their homes during the month so there has been considerable moving from one room to another amongst the remaining patients—old friend moving in with old friend, cousin with cousin, etc. Now everyone is settled again and happy. Jessie and Ruth especially so in their new room which is a nice large one and a splendid vantage point for watching the world go by.

Mrs. O. Lloyd has been transferred here from Providence Hospital, Moose Jaw. We wonder how she could leave Sister Bonaventure's benevolent protection, but we hope she enjoys her stay here. And while we're about it "Hello Providence Hospital—Merry Christmas to you all."

We have some other new, married ladies on our floor but we're not just sure of their names yet.

Second Floor—East Centre.

Thrills! Imagine our excitement when we scan the calendar to find that Xmas is looming pretty close, bringing with it a hint of suppressed excitement—presents! Turkey!—Xmas trees and mistletoe and last but not least, a holiday from "cure chasing" or should we say, a half holiday, right now, we can

almost picture Xmas morning. A frosty tang in the air with a glorious sunrise tipping the snow clad pines, making them glisten with myriads of tiny jewels. Oh boy! Isn't it great to be alive! !

Even now we see mysterious bundles being distributed around, and big interesting looking parcels going into the mail bag.

Gladys Tait says she isn't particular about Xmas presents this year as she expects a great big "present", all the way from Vancouver, for New Years. Lucky girl, Gladys.

As for Geneva Purrie, at present she is puzzling her brain as to what she will send that certain party on First Floor. How about one of those sweaters you knitted Geneva?

Vera Schriber says that if Geneva isn't sure what color scheme goes with red hair—well, she might offer a suggestion. Vera certainly knows her red hair, or perhaps it is golden?

However we are all eagerly scanning the mail, and stowing our parcels away, to be opened Xmas morning.

Alma Hedstrom says she hopes that Sylvia Nault gets something she can use to—and Sylvia—well she's too busy designing lamp shades to say much of anything. There is nothing like shaded lights to entice romance, is there Sylvia?

Alice Anderson says that a trousseau might be very interesting, but she wants to know how in hec people acquire one in a hurry. She says it took her nearly two weeks to work a little hand towel (apologies Alice.) Anyhow she has managed to work several, and we really wonder if they are Xmas gifts.

Pyjamas, more pyjamas, and still more pyjamas! Winnie Reid says that after making several woolly pairs of said garments, she feels sew-sew!

Say! We almost forgot to congratulate Eva Butler and Mrs. Rustad in their acquiring 15 minutes chair exercise. Mrs. Rustad had been a bed patient for over two years and we were glad to see her sitting up. Eva Butler, has been total bed for considerable time too, but owing to "pneumo" made a speedier recovery. By the way Eva what about that bean supper and sleigh ride you promised us?

Second Floor—West Wing

And now for the West Wing news! We say this sure is "red flannel" weather. Nertz on the silks. Days 'til Xmas are diminishing with remarkable rapidity and the day is just around the corner. This reminds us of Christmas shopping and we are all for it. Doesn't boin us up a bit. May we be of assistance in suggesting to you something appropriate for your weaknesses? As for the adorable goof Harry, he should be tickled pink with a box of wise cracks, Annie, (Not the noisy kind.) And we know your dollink Annie would get a huge kick out of a pair of mules, Harry.

Whats this we hear about Mrs. Nertz's boy Norman chiselling! And say Gary if you are going to pull any Bluebeard stuff, how about Sammy taking up some slack rope? If you must,

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you must, but why not play ball? At any rate Norman is all hot on the extremely sophisticated red and green suspenders (the giving kind) and we hear Gary's latest weakness Henna shampoo, especially recommended for curly hair.

Our dashing Romeo, Arthur Melvin Christopherson, would surely appreciate a practical gift such as a rouge compact, and a little lip stick wouldn't hurt; and say Arty, we wouldn't fool you a bit, Ethel is just dying for a stringless nite gown (the kind that keeps the ankles warm. Oh, oh, Ethel, beware, of the boy with eyes of blue, he'll kiss you once and ask for—. Well, what do you think? Yumpin Yeremiah Ingi can you imagine anything more picturesque than George smoking a fat cigar. It would be worthy of the Royal Academy of Arts, and George we hear Ingi chews gum. Bob is back folks and in there like a rubber duck. Plenty crust in that guy eh, Georgie? Did we hear you say you didn't like a pansy? We know Bob would be a knock out in rompers and a Teddy Bear goat and how about something form fitting for Georgie, Bob? Hot Diggity Dam! What a farm. Have you heard the latest folks? Mrs. Whalen's Eddie is having his morals corrupted in Room 276. Well, boys will be boys, but how about a horse's collar button for Eddie? And did you know that Mrs. Whalen's suppressed desire is something with a cookie duster, soup-strainer, or what have you. Is it a Clark Gable?

Well folks, we suppose our personal cracks have all the ear marks of a riot, but 'tis a consummation devoutly not to be wished. Now to save the remaining shreds of our reputation, and before arousing the ire of our great readers, we will oblige and check out.

Third Floor

If the reader admires picturesque scenery we advise a moonlight walk around the San, (that is, of course, if he has exercise and permission) since a recent snowfall. The huge structure appears like some fairy castle guarded by an army of white-mantled pines standing on a carpet of white snow. The trees seem laden with countless diamonds that sparkle and glitter in the moon's beams. Truly it is a sight you would not soon forget.

After a four months' stay with us Miss Jeanet Paulson left us for her home in Mawer, Sask. She remained here just long enough to acquire that delightful coat of tan that many Hollywood stars would give a lot for. Our best wishes go with Jeanet for her continued good health.

There was much "ah-ing and oh-ing" on this floor on the evening of November 15 when Miss Winnie Bigg in bridal costume, and her attendant, Miss Alice Lawrence, favoured us with a call. Best wishes for your future happiness, Mrs. Munro.

We are glad to have Mrs. Doidge on duty again. During her week's absence Miss

Phyllis Wilbee took charge of this flat. Miss Wilbee felt quite at home amongst us as she spent about eight months on this floor as a patient in 1931.

We wonder why Margaret wants to take "lamp" for Adela as well as for herself. In fact she remarked that she wouldn't mind spending all her time in the lamp room. There must be an attraction.

Mrs. Erickson spent a most exciting week this month. Friend husband paid his first visit since her arrival five months ago.

Bertha Voth is one of our lucky patients this month. She is the proud receiver of fifteen minutes "chair" exercise. Mrs. Les Robertson has a bit too, and "we anticipate exercise from Santa Claus" say those of us who have not been so fortunate.

Christmas is in the air. Not only are all the patients knitting, sewing, crocheting, but our friends have been presenting us with turkey and chicken as a fore taste of what will come on December 25.

Margaret Walker and Evelyn Cowie were isolated for two weeks recently. Both are now out, to the great relief of the rest of the balcony. Since they couldn't see each other they shouted back and forth. Some of us suffered from severe headaches in consequence.

Bertha seems to be filling her hope chest with cushions. Mrs. Phalen is another who enjoys making these. She has made six and intends to make moreso she says.

Visitors this month were Winnie Willard's parents from Lloydminster, Mr. Calmer Ericson of Meadow Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Laird, Mr. and Mrs. Avert of Laird, Mrs. T. Noble and Dicke, of Hawkeye, Mr. Allen Madsen and Misses Margaret and Beth Duncan of Avebury, also Eleanor Hansen's family from Mont Nebo.

P. A. SAN TID BITS

Home Runs: Why did November remind "East Wingers" of a good game of baseball? Because there were so many "home runs!" In fact, the demand for "San Suit-cases" bid fair to exceed the supply. (N.B.: San suit-

cases is a term we use for the strong cardboard cartons procured from the store room for excess baggage when we go home. Our accumulated possessions seem to overflow the trunks with which we arrive!)

The first gap in our ranks occurred when Helen Pert found her little niche in the outside world. Then our fair and gentle "Anna" (Anna Zurowski) left us to fond memories of her and hopes for her future good health and happiness.

Mrs. Ridgway departed for her home a short time ago, followed by the best wishes of the patients. She is greatly missed here for her name is synonymous with unselfishness and many were the kind deeds she did for those less fortunate than herself. She had lately been reporting for East Wing to the "Echo." We are pleased to state that she will be living close to the San. She writes as follows:

Dear Valley Echo:

May I be permitted a little space to thank all members of the San staff for their good care and attention, and willing and efficient service during the thirteen months I spent there? I am appreciative too of the many other benefits and privileges I enjoyed whilst at the San—the entertainment provided by our radio and excellent library, the various interesting occupations and pastimes in which we were permitted and encouraged to indulge, and perhaps most of all, the cheerful intercourse and friendly intimacy with our fellow patients which is such a pleasant feature of the San life—in short, the community spirit which exists there! I also think our staff deserve a vote of thanks for the good natured efforts they always put into giving us an especially good time whenever an anniversary is to be celebrated! Our Hallowe'en party and concert is still fresh in my mind, when so much unsuspected talent was displayed for our benefit, and a vast amount of labor and ingenuity expended on the decorative effects. As Yule-tide is drawing near I can't better conclude these remarks than by wishing all and sundry (including our editress) who read this, as great a time on December 25 as we patients enjoyed last year together. Yours very truly, (Mrs.) G. M. Ridgway.

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The First Seven Years: November 7th, 1932, marked an eventful day for Miss Flora Collins for that was her seventh anniversary since entering the Sanatorium and that was the day she was returning to her home at Meadow Lake. Seven years! Think of it! and six of those were spent in bed. Flora was a good cure-chaser if there ever was one. We think she deserves a great big "hand" for plugging away so uncomplaining and persistently.

Flora, ever modest, gives the credit to the doctors and nurses who attended her at Saskatoon and Prince Albert. Sans and of course, a very great deal does depend on the splendid care we receive and it is most encouraging to see our doctors and their staffs doing everything they can for our good. The writer in interviewing Flora asked her if when she left home she expected to be gone so long and Flora replied "I didn't expect ever to go back," so that gives us a little idea how very sick she was when she entered the San. But Flora made the grade so why can't you and I?

Seven years! Seven years to the day. The wise crackers will say, "the first seven years are the hardest,"—well mebbly so! Mebbly so.

Card of Thanks: Through *The Valley Echo* I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the nurses and doctors who waited on me, and also for the many kindnesses done me during my stay in the Sanatorium at Saskatoon and Prince Albert. My special thanks are due Dr. R. G. Ferguson for his personal advice to me to take Sanatorium treatment. After almost five months in the San I am now at home and in good health. Wishing all the patients the best of luck at cure-chasing, I am,

Yours truly,

E. Aunie,
Sturgis, Sask.

And Another: I can hardly express all my thanks to all the San people. Here I am, home from the P. A. San, healthy, happy and joyful. My face is healed and cured in the short time of nine months while it had been sore for twelve years. I do thank you.

Sincerely,

Margaret Froeze,
Wymark, Sask.

—0—

The Christmas Surprise

(Continued from page 14).

"Mother, are there children at the San who mightn't get anything for Christmas?" asked Jack thoughtfully.

"There are children at the San, dear, but they would get some candy and oranges and things I'm sure. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you see, Claire and I were earning money by running errands doing odd jobs for people who haven't got any children to do it for them, and they like us to do it, so I

thought we might earn a little more and buy some things for some of the children who mightn't get any gifts," explained Jack.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mother. "We'll write to the charge nurse and ask her about it. Then you may work out your scheme."

"Won't we have a happy Christmas all together!" said little Claire and Jack after dinner. "We're pretty lucky, aren't we? We'll have fun. I hope the little San children do too. Mother says they will."

—0—

McGinchy: I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup.

Miss Thompson: Well, it would be worse to have soup in your hair wouldn't it?

Halip: I've changed my mind.

Grant: Well, does it work any better?

Dr. Barclay: How much sleep do you get?

Burton: Three or four hours a day.

Dr. B.: That isn't sufficient. How can you manage on that?

Burton: Oh, I sleep eight or nine hours as well every night.

R. Moran: She doesn't look her age, does she!

Gerla: No, she overlooks it.

A man can't help being bald, but he can keep from raising hair on his face to make it funnier.

Overheard on the Balcony:

"What makes you so uneasy? Is your conscience bothering you?"

"No, it's my winter underwear."

Sylvester: What are the holes in the board Grant?

Grant: They are knot holes.

Sylvester: Well, if they are not holes, what are they?

Jack Smith: Two poached eggs, medium soft, buttered toast not too hard, coffee not much cream in it, please.

Nurse: Yes, Mr. Smith, and would you like any special design on the dishes?

Irate Passenger: Madam, what do you mean by letting your child snatch off my wig?

Mother (with a sigh of relief): Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afraid for a minute he'd scalped yuh alive!"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to the doc has said:

"How about a little exercise, Doc?"

Heard in the Children's Wing:

First Youngster: I wonder why Dr. Hames is leaving us and going away over to England?

Second Youngster: Well you know King George isn't very well an' I wouldn't be s'prised if Dr. Hames has got to go away over there to give him pneumo.



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